THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE:

Ont from the city's giant roar
You wandered through the open door,
Paused at a little pail and spade
Across a tiny hillock laid.
Then noted on your dexier side
Some moneyed magnate's "love or pride";
And so beyond a hawthorn tree.
Showering its rain of rosy bloom
Alike on low and lofty tomb,
You came upon it—suddenly.
How strange. The your grasses' growth.

You came upon it—suddenly.

How strange! The very grasses' growth Around it seemed forforn and loath;
The very ivy seemed to turn
Askance that wreathed the neighbor urn.
Sunk was the slab; the head declined,
And left the rails a wreck behind.
No name von traced; a "6," a "7,"
Part of "affliction" and of "Heaven,"
And then—O from anstere!—
You read in letters sharp and clear,
"Though lost to Sight to Memory dear."
AUSTIN DORSON.

## THE GHOST OF A CHANCE.

A STRANGE STORY.

The whole affair sounds like the wildest romance. Granted. It is not for me to go into the question of its probability; I simply record certain facts which have come under my no-

Here is a young fellow, like scores of others, with just enough properly to live on and to deprive him of the spar to exertion. A barrister, quite briefless, daubling in art, literature and music, and doing nothing with either. Amongst other tastes he has one for quaint jewelry-not for his own adornment, but he cellects it and possesses many curious specimens, ancient and modern. I know him very well, and he has often shown me these treasures. One day I call on him, after a long vacation, and find him throwing off slip after slip of manuscript.

"Excuse me five minutes," he says, " and I shall have finished. I have made a wonderful addition to my collection, and in the oddest manner. I am writing a story about it, andthere-that's the end of the first part." He has been scribbling away while speaking, and now lays down his pen. "You shall read for yourself," he goes on, gathering up his manuscript, "how it came about, and you will understand why I am rather excited at recalling this, the narrow escape and the strangest adventure I ever had in my life." Then, lighting a eigar, and giving me another, he settles me in an easy-chair by the fire, and begins pacing the room, while I read as follows:

Heft King's Cross by the night mail on the 16th of last August. I was out of health, tired, and wanted to sleep; so, settling my traps on the seat to my satisfaction, I suddenly remembered that I had nothing to read, and I called the guard to the window that he might get me a book. Returning in a minute, he put into my hands Bulwer's "Strange Story"; and as I gave him the money, he said, " Now we're off in one minute, sit; I hope you'll like my choice." Leisurely turning over the leaves by the light of the carriage lamp, I very soon found that the work my friend had selected was utterly distasteful to me, and I regreited having wasted my money upon it. It was a story, as most people know, treating of spiritual influences, a subject on which I was thoroughly sceptical. I soon got tired of it; but it served its purpose, and sent we to sleep, and sound asleep I remained till the train stopped at

Peterborough. Only partly awake, I remember letting down the window, and that several persons in the crowd on the platform tried to get into the carriage; one fellow, just as we were starting, thrust his head so far in that I thought he was gothrusthis head so far in that I thought he was going to make a harlequin's leap for it. Drowsily congratulating myself on having had the door locked, I was dropping off to sleep again when I suddenly discovered I was not alone. Who was that seated in the opposite corner of the carriage? A young lady, assuredly. The dim light from the lamp enabled me to discern that she was in evening dress, with the hood of her opera-cloak over her head. She appeared to be busy fastening her earring into her left ear.

"How odd," I thought, "that I should not word that a bit, sir," added the man, as he was called away. The lamps of the special ing to make a harlequin's leap for it. Drowsily

"How odd," I thought, "that I should not have seen her get in!" Here were my legs still stretched across the seat with my rug over them, and surely I must have known if she had passed me; and the door had certainly never been opened. Very angry and puzzled, I determined to remonstrate with the guard at the next station. What an odd costume, too, for travelling, I thought ; I couldn't make it out. The young lady was very quiet and still, and, as she appeared not to notice me, I hardly liked to begin any conversation, so I sat watching her till sleep again overtook

All at once the slackening of specil and the shrill, horrible, hollow danger whistle of the engine again disturbed my comfortable nap. and, lazily looking out, I found to my surprise we were not stopping at any station, is the carring, prise we were not stopping at any station, and that outside nothing could be seen. A darkness that might be felt was all that met the eye when turned to the open window, whilst the fresh damp air announced that we were in the midst of country, and the sighing of the night breeze told of woods not far is the carring, and he handed me the trinket. "Well," I continued, after examining it, "What are you going to do? How are you going to think your story?" "Oh, I don't know. Can you give me a notion?" He knows I nave an eye for for dramatic situations. "Not I, indeed; you will have to invent that, I suspect." And we talked a good deal more, if the carring, and he handed me the trinket. ing of the night breeze told of woods not far off. Neither station, lights nor dwellings were to be discerned in the utter gloom. A furtive glance across the carriage showed the young lady still quietly sitting there flageting with her earring, and not the least alarmed at this interruption to our journey. I called to the guard as he ran by the moment we stopped, and, putting my head out of the window, in-

quired what was the matter,
"Nothing, sir," he said cheerily; "no dana goods that's being shunted. It'll be all right, sir, in a few manutes." I then said, in a low tone, "What passessed you to place this young lady in my carriage, when I so especially enfoined you to keep it empty?" "I never let, anybody in," protested the man, with surprise "A young lady, do you say?" Springing on the step as I drew my head back, he looked "Then he said good-by; and for think we have mentioned the step as I drew my head back, he looked "Then he said good-by; and for think we have mentioned the step as I drew my head back, he looked "Then he said good-by; and for two years I do not think we have mentioned the said and, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said out his hand, and, in shaking mine the said said to said said the said said said to said said the said said said said the said said ger; only the line's blacked, and we are waltinto the carriage, and exclaimed, "Why, there's no lady there, sir !"

I tursed, and imagine my confusion-she was gone! "This passes my understanding." said I, " for though I'll swear she was there before I spoke to you, there is certainly nobody there now; she must have got out." I crossed to the further door, and tried it; it was locked sare enough. I let down the glass and looked out, but in the darkness, of course, could see nothing. " Why, you've been dreaming, sir," said the guard, as I, looking somewhat small, resumed my seat.

"Don't tell me," cried I, indignantly, and disgusted at the absurdity of the position; "I'm perfectly convinced that she was in the carriage! Why, here is positive proof," I went on, as I perceived, and immediately picked up, a gold earring from the floor between her scat and mine. Amazement, mingled with doubt and distrust, was plainly depicted on the guard's handsome countenance, as, regarding me with a puzzed, half comical expression, he said, after a minute, "Well, sir, if you really believe you saw her, I should advise your changing your carriage."

"Why so for I demanded, in surprise." Be-

cause it's well to be on the safe side, sir, for I've heard something of this kind before. Young ladies are dangerous customers in trains sometimes, sir," he added, with the twinkle coming into his eye again. As I drew myself up somewhat indignantly he continued: "They say an accident is almost certain to occur when an apparition has been seen."

So, opening the door, he began to collect my bags and traps, while I, perplexed, and not without some feeling of alarm, alighted, and followed him hastily along the side of the line. "You might have seen some ladies and gentlemen, all dressed for a party, get into the compartment in front of yours at Peterborough," resumed the man, as he steered me by the light of his lantera over the rough ground; "and fine and merry they were; they were going to a ball at Grantham. I fancy you must have been dreaming, sir, for certainly none of them got into your carriage, though one did try; and as to apparitions, well-' He did not finish the sentence, for just then we found an empty compartment at the rear of the train; and the engine's whistle at the same moment announcing the line clear, with but few more words I was very soon again locked in and left to myself.

My first act when the train was once more in motion was to examine carefully the earring so unaccountably found. The shape struck me as carious. It was a wheel suspended from a bird's claw, which turned when touched. Surely, as I told the guard, this trinket was a proof that I had not been deceived or dreaming; at least, this was not the apparition of an earring, at any rate. What could it mean? The more I thought of it, the more I was perplexed; and floally ! put it away in my portenionnaie; and, with a mind wearied with puzzling over the strange occurrence, I at length fell asleep once more-but not for long. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a terrific crash and a shock which threw me violently forward, while the carriage lurched over and nearly capsized.

I knew at once an accident had happened the accident balf prophesied by the guard. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses and found myself unburt, I clambered out of the carriage and ran down the line to the front of the train, to ascertain the extent of the catastrophe. It was difficult to make one's way in the darkness and confusion; but what were my feelings of horror and amazement, joined to intense thankinlness, when I discovered, after some light had been obtained from a hastily kindled bonfire, that the carriage I had previously occupied was lying a complete wreek! I knew it by its color and the number, which I had remarked, still visible on the battered panel. Then I learned that several passengers in the other compartments of it had suffered fearfully, and I was so overcome that I felt quite dizzy.

Here was a wonderful and miraculous escape indeed. All the events of the last half-hour rushed through my troubled brain. On that smashed and stillnesses. -the accident balf prophesied by the guard.

hour rushed through my troubled brain. On that smashed and splintered seat I had sat; and but for the presence of my mysterious companion, there I should be lying—crushed, maimed, perhaps dead! Horrible! The bead broke out on my brow as I thought of it. When my nerves had recovered a little, I sought out the guard, who, pale and grave, was enjectioning to reasone the frightened. was endeavoring to reassure the frightened passengers assembled on the bank. He was comforting them with the intelligence that a special train would arrive shortly from Grantham, and take them from the scene of the dis-

aster.
"My good fellow," said I, "you must ex-"My good fellow," said I, "you must explain to me what you meant respecting that young lady—the apparition. I mean, as you chose to call it. You said an accident—"
"Lor bless you, sir," he interrupted saily,
"'twas only my chaff. I never heard anything about a young lady; but I thought as you cand a bit cared it would make your mind caster like, and that's way I same. So you a can't give any reason why such a fancy came into my head; but it's well it did, sir, for it just sayed your life, sayed it by 'the ghost of

he was called away. The lamps of the special train were now sighted and we, the unscathed, were speedily in our places, and arrived at our destination without further hurt or hindrance. But what perplexed ideas whirled in rapid specialism through my mind as we were line. succession through my mind as we were hur-

ried along. Here was I, saved from dreadful and untimely death by—what? Not a dream, certainly; but, whatever it was, by a most marvellous interwhatever it was, by a most marvenous position, or, perhaps, as the guard said, "by the ghost of a chance." How could I call it a dream or entertain the notion of ghostly influence, when the earning picked up by my fluence, when the earning picked up by my the could be a possible to the proposition of the could be a possible to the proposition of the could be a possible to the proposition of fluence, when the earring pieced up by my own hand was now safe in my pocket? Was it safe? I looked. Yes, safe enough, the wheel suspended from the bird's claw. A wheel of fortune i had indeed proved to me.

"And do you mean to tell me this is a fact?" I asked ironically, as I finished my triend's manuscript. "Every word of it, as I am a living man," he answered. "See, here is the carring," and he handed me the trinket.

"W. "I continued, after examining it,"

I think I should if she were similarly messed and posed." Then he said good-by; and for two years I do not think we have mentioned the subject above twice; once, when I inquired if he had finished the story; and once later on, when, if I did not clear it up, I at least threw a world light upon the mystery; the light by which I am enabled to make a sort of second part to the first which I found him writing.

My friend's rooms again; looking much as usual, save that he is at his easel instead of at his desk. Again, as usual, keen for the time being upon what he is doing, he does not rise when I enter, and I stand talking to him for awhile behind his chair. We have not seen each other lately, and he rallies me good-humoredly, about dropping the acquaintance of

seen each other latery, and he rathes me good-humoredity about dropping the acquaintance of careless bachelors like himself stace my mar-riage—for that momentous event has happened within the last six months. He was abroad at the time, and does not know my wife yet.

ered. Returning with the mount, and talking volubly about what he was going to do in painting, he automatically put the hollow centre of the white cardboard just over the place tograph, but without, for a moment, noticing the change I had made. Suddenly he saw it, and with an explanation of warning started and, with an exclamation of wonder, started

"How came that here?" he went on, pale and agitated, as he looked inquiringly from the picture to me. "Did you put it there? Do you know the lady?" "You recognize it?" "Yes, certainly. I haven't seen her for some years now; but I should know that likeness anywhere." He bit his lip and paused, and then added, "I didn't know you knew her." "I don't," I answered; "and I never knew that such a person had ever lived till yesterday." "Then how do you come by her portrait? and why do you bring it to me?" "To ascertain if it really was the same person." "Same person as who?—what? I don't understand!" "How came that here?" he went of understand!

"Why, whether, by any strange coincidence, "Why, whether, by any strange coincidence, this lady—my wite's old friend and schoolfel-low—might happen to be the lady you once— well, shall I say once knew under very pecu-liar encumstances?" He looked at me now somewhat augrily as he said: "See here, old fellow, there are matters sometimes in a man's lite that he doesn't care about having raked

fellow, there are matters sometimes in a man's lite that he doesn't care about having raked up again. I tell you honestly this is one of them, and I don't quite like this kind of joke." "No joke, on my word." I continued; "and if I am tonehing on anything umpleasant, please forgive me; for I have a purpose, Not that I imagined you were so sensitive on the subject, especially as you contemplated turning it o literary account."

"If—literary account? What do you mean?" he asked indigmantly. "I should as lief think of turning cannibal as of turning anything connected with that young lady to account, as you call it." I was a little puzzled now; so I said: "Well, but who do you say the young lady is?" "Her name—if you mean that—was Miss Naughton, Rose Naughton when I knew her; but I confess I don't see that because she happens to be a friend of your wife's you are warranted in referring thus abruptly to my acquaintance with her." "My dear fellow," I cried, "I had no idea of this, believe me. I hadn't a notion that you knew her name, and we are evidently a little at cross-purposes. But bear with me a minute longer. Admitting that this is a portrait of the Miss Rose Naughton whom you seem to bave known, though I never could have guessed that, just look at it carefully again and see if it does not remind you of some one else—some one whom you once saw, I repeat, under very peculiar circumstances."

and see if it does not remind you of some one class—some one whom you once saw, I repeat, under very peculiar circumstances."

He bends forward to examine the photograph, and presently says, "No." Then I say, "Will this help your memory?" and while he is still looking at the portrait. I put does not the this help your memory?" and while he is still looking at the portrait, I put down on the ledge of the easel, just under his eyes, an earring. "Good God!" he cries, "what are you up to? What have you taken this out of the cabinet for?" "I have not been near the cabinet, if you mean the place where you keep your jewels." "Then what on earth..." He hesitates, and, taking up the earring, walks with it across the room to his treasure store. I cannot help, with my dramatic instincts, I cannot help, with my dramatic instincts, watching him eagerly; and it is as good as a play to see his surprise and wonder when, opening the cabinet, he takes forth the earring he picked up in the railway carriage, and finds that he has the fellow to it in his Yes; there they are clearly the pair-two other hand.

birds claws, each holding a revolving wheel.
"Now look at the portrait again," I say, when had stood for a minute regarding me with ank amazement, "I don't say that you will, blank amazement, "I don't say that you will, because it is mere speculation, but do you not see in the portrait of Miss Naughton something to remind you of the young lady, your mysterious travelling companion?" He is examining the photograph again. "Well, it is very absurd, but really, now you put it to me, there might be something of the same look in it, and— He ponders. "Was it she, then—Rose—after all, that I in a measure was reminded of that night? On my honor I seem to think it must have been." Then, turning to me, he asks: "But what is the meaning of all this? Why do you want to know whether I can see any resemblance in this photograph to that girl, and where, above all, did you get this other carring from? Explain yourself, for God's

"Because, as I say," I replied, "it seems to me just possible that, if there be such a thing as ghostly influence, or spiritualism, or clairvoyance, or whatever one may choose to call such mysteries—because, I say, if such things exist, you may have received the warning to leave your seat as you did through the mysterious influence of Miss Naughton herself, for she was in that railway train that same night, and those earrings belonged to her." Again the wender in his face would have been amusing had it not been mingled with an examusing had it not been mindled with an expression of pain. "Incredible, preposterous." he said at length. "You say that Miss Naughton is a friend of your wife's I"

he fact forthwith, Yest was dressing, she asked s dressing, she asked me to fetch her such from the drawer in her dressing-case On opening it, the first thing which caught my eye, amongst a lot of little trinkets, was on opening it, the list may eye, amongst a lot of little trinkers, was that carring, and a moment's examination showed it to be the counterpart of the one you had so mysteriously come by. The device was not easily to be forgotten. You may judge of my surprise, and how it led to my telling her about your strange adventure. Then we went into the matter, and she on her part told me how the earring had belonged to a schoolfellow of hers, Rose Naughton by name, who had lately gone abroad; and how, two years aro, she had been in a fearful railway accident one evening, while on her way from Peterborough to a ball at Grantham—how two of her party had been killed while sitting beside her; how she escaped, by a miracle, uninjured; and how, amongst the trailing ovents connected with the terrible circumstance, she had lost one of her

triend's manuscript. "Every word of it, is I am a living man," he answered, "See, here is the carring," and he handed me the trinket, "Well," I continued, after examining it, "What are you going to do? How are you going to fluish your story?" "Oh, I don't know. Can you give me a notion?" He knows I have an eye for fer dramatic situations. "Not I, indeed; you will have to invent that, I suspect." And we talked a good deal more of course, about the strange affair before I left him; and equally of course, at the end of two years the story was not finished. My friend is only a dabbler, and seidom broads any of his efforts in art or literature to a truitful issue. I little thought that it would devolve on me to take up the thread of this one, and finish it for him.

Before parting, however, I asked, "Did you see the girl's face?" "Not very clearly. The light was dim. I could not distinguish her features precisely, nor the color of her eyes, nor any details exactly, you understand; yet there was a look "-be went on after a pause" "which remoded me of somebaly, or thought it did, I could not distinguish in the qualitances of the device. You will had seen before. It was a mere impression, on the profuned, yagae to a degree. I had the profuned, yagae to a degree. I had seen before. It was a mere impression, on the profuned, yagae to a degree. I had

you did; for assuredly her presence—either in the item or in the spirit, whichever it was—saved your life." My friend, full of amazement, held out his hand, and, in shaking mine warmly, evinced more feeling than I had ever given him credit for.

"Of course, of course, old man," he said, "I know you didn't mean anything; only I was taken by surprise, as well I might be, for I was tremeadously fond of Rose Naughton once—am so still, for the matter of that—and the sight of her face rather took me aback. We were half engaged once, only her old mother broke it off; and I was angry and basty, and—and I dropped them, and have been sorry ever since; and then I was too been sorry ever since; and then I was too proud, and, in short, have made an ass of inyself. Do you know where she is now? Do you know where she is gone?"

"No; but I can find out," "I wish you have too go to the state of the short of the short out."

would; for after all you tell me, I have a strong indination to follow her, and try my luck again—try if fortune will turn her wheel for my benefit." "Most certainly do so; you would be flying in her face if you did not; for nally the is the most around.

of a chance.' Still, whatever it was, it hardly accounts for the earring being in my compartment; that, as I originally wrote, was not the ghost of an earing; how do we get over that?" "Ah," I answered, "we are as far off in the solution of that as ever. Never mind; be thankful that things are as then mind; be thankful that things are as they are. I will ascertain from my wife Miss Naughton's present address, and do you go and see if she can explain the mystery."

He followed my advice, and he finally mar-

He followed my advice, and he finally mar-ried Rose Naughton, of course; but still it was a long time before any light was thrown on the carring side of the mystery. This event-nally came, however, thuswise: In the course of the whirligig of society in which my friend and his wife move, there has turned up a young man, who was one of the ball party on that fatal night, and he thus explains the enigma: He says he was late, and was hurry-ing along the platform at Peterborough when Miss Naughton and her friends were trying to Miss Naughton and her friends were trying to find seats. They were a little ahead of him, and in the confusion she must have dropped one of her earrings, for he picked it up, and fearing to be left behind—for the whistle was ounding-he made a dash at the nearest car-

sounding—he made a dash at the nearest carriage.

The window was open, but the door was locked; and on precipitately thrusting in his head to see if there was room, his elbow struck against the edge of the door, and the blow jerked the trinket out of his hand to the further side of the carriage, and across the legs of a recumbent passenger half asleep. There was no time to arouse the passenger or call the guard, the train being actually in motion; and it was only by jumping into the next compartment that he managed to save notion; and it was only by Jimping into the next compartment that he managed to save himself from being left behind. Of course he concluded that he should recover the carring when they stopped at Grantham; but then came the accident, and the loss of the earring was held of little account—albeit it was a potent factor in saving my friend's life.—[Time.

# THE PORCELAIN REGIMENT.

From The Pall Mall Guzette.

From The Pall Mall Guzette.

A paper has lately been discovered in the State archives of Saxony which contains some curious particulars concerning the carps long known in the Prussian service as the "porcelain regiment," and from which the present 1st Dragoons and the 3d, 4th, and 5th regiments of Curiasaciers claim to have spring. According to tradition, the regiment was lought by King Frederick William of Prussia from the King of Poland for some costly porcelain vases; and the documents lately found in the Saxon archives show that substantially the tradition was correct. King Frederick William, it aspears, possessed a number of very beautiful and precious specimens of porcelain, and an attempt was made by King August II, of Poland, who was also Flactor of Saxony, to purchase some of these through an agent in Berlin.

King Frederick William declined to sell any of his porcelain; but King August, knowing his royal leacher's passion for soldiers, offered him 600 dra-

agent in Berlin.

King Frederick William declined to sell any of his porcelain; but King August, knowing his royal brother's passion for soldiers, offered him 600 dragoons, without horses, arms, equipment, or officers, in exchange for certain pieces. The negotations were carried on by Privy Conneillor von Marschail on behalf of Prussia and Lieutemant-General von schwettau for King August, and enden in the transfer of the 600 dragoons to the King of Prussia, and of a number of the vases in the first place to Dresden, where some were added to the royal collection of chima, and others were placed in the Johann Museum, where they are still distinguished as the "dragoon vases." The men' were valued at 20 thalers each, and the whole regiment censemently at 12,000 thalers; while the porcelain given in exchange for them was considered to be worth considerably more, though it had been purchased by the deceased King Frederick I. for a smaller sum.

### THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The fragal snail, with forecast of repose, Carries his house with him where'er he goes; Peeps out,—and if there comes a shower of rain, Retreats to his small denotede again. Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—'ris well, He curls up in his sanctuary shell.

He's his own landlord, his own tenant-stay ong as he will be dreads no Quarter Day. Hunself he beards and lodges; both living And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o'nights. He spares the uphoisterer trouble to procure Chattels; himself is his own furniture, And his sole riches; whereso'er he roam—Knock when you will—he's sure to be at home.

CHARLES LAMB.

HOW WALT WHITMAN WRITES.

Walt who can be designed from the walter of a man accustomed to express himself with the pen. He was born in 1819 on the western edge of Suffolk County, Long Island, within sound of the sea. He grew up there, roaming the whole island. It has been described as "a pseuliar region—plenty of sea-shore, sandy, stormy, uninviting, the horizon boundless, the air healthy but too strong for invalids, the bays a wonderful resort for aquatic birds, meadows covered with salt hay, and with numberless springs of the sweetest water in the world." He was educated in the common schools, and afterward worked in the common schools. The 1847-48 he started on a long jaint over the Middle and Southern States, up the Mississuppi to the great lakes, and along the edges of Carada.

In 1855 he settled in Brooklyn and New-York City as a business man, owned several houses, and was worth some money. But suidenly he abandoned all, and commenced writing poems, passessed by the notion that he must make epics or lyrics "fit for the New World," and that bee still buzzes in the New World," and that bee still buzzes in the New World," and that bee still buzzes in the same age, was his classmate under the tuition of an Englisman named William Lyons, a brother of the same age, was his classmate under the tuition of an Englisman named William Lyons, a brother of the cloter Lord Lyons, and under the best british in Minister at Washington.

In November, 1843, Mr. Elaine entered the Freshman class of Washington College, and grannated in particular of the late British in a style which he has made has own. He came to the conclusion that the old forms of toolty. Which he Wall was To Khugeelphia Press.

s. ne of mearly all poets, he says, but particu-

If the sanitary effects of tea upon the sected are or great and wholesome, its effects since its general introduction among Occidentals cannot be overlooked. The docreate, quiet life and habits of the Camess owe much of their streng h to the constant use of this beverage, for the weak to taken which they sip allows them to spend all the time they choose at the tea table. If they were in the limbt of sipping even they weak whiskey up the same way, misory, poverty, quarrels and sickness would take.

temperance seen among them is owing to the teamach more than any other cause. One who remembers the earonsings described in Sestivanceles, and
contrains those scenes with what would now be
considered good society, will acknowledge an improvement, and jea has had much to do with it.
One of Wilson's stories in "Lights and Shadows
of Sectials Life," of the same date, about eighty
years ago, makes one of the characters by great
stress on the complete danse of tea as one of the
prince means of success in life. But it has won its
way more and more, till in the precent generation
the associations that cluster around the sea table
form an integral part of the second life among
English-sheaking peoples.

One of the most likely means to restrict the use of
spirits among them is to substitute the use of warm
beverages of all kinds by those whose system has not
become vittated. It this ten is one of the greatest
benefits to the Chinese. Jacanese and Mongols,
and its thiversal use, for at least fittom centuries,
throughout their territories, has proven its satisfaction as a nervine, a stimulant and a beverage. If
one passing through the streets of Pekin, Canton or
Onoseka, and seeing the good natured inflarity of
the greatest and manonizer and satisfier of human
wants and passions, it must be taken as a proof of
his own unsatisfied cravings.

esited on the platform it was writhing and hissing

posited on the platform it was writhing and hissing fiercely.

Buni bent over the cage, and fixed his eyes upon its occupant, gently waving his hand over the serpent's restless head. In less than a minute the snake stretched itself out, stiffened, and lay apparently dead. Buni took it up, and thrust several needles into its body, but it gave no sign of life. A few "passes" then restored to its former angry activity. Subsequently a savage dog, held in a leash by its owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's command, let loose upon him. As it was rushing toward him, bristling with fury, he raised his hand, and in a second the flerce brute dropped upon its belly as though stricken by lightning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed by some unknown agency, and wes unable to move a muscle until released from the magnetizer's spell by a majestic wave of his hand.

### HOW " TOM JONES" WAS SOLD.

From Galagnani.

We are told of Fielding's "Tom Jones," that when the work was completed, the author 'being at the time hard pressed for money, took it to a second-rate publisher, with the view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with the bookseller, and called upon him next day for his decision. The publisher hesitated, and requested another day for consideration; and at parting, Fielding offered him the manuscript for £25. On his way home, Fielding met Thomson the poet, whom he told of the negotiation for the sale of the manuscript; when Thomson, knowing the high merit of the work, conjured him to be off the bargain, and offered to find a better purchaser. Next morning, Fielding hastened to his appointment with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should keep to his bargum as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To the author's great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature declined, and returned the manuscript to Fielding.

He next set off with a light heart to his friend Thomson; and the novelist and the poet then went of Andrew Millar, the great publisher of the day.

He next set off with a light heart to his friend Themson; and the novelist and the poet then went to Andrew Millar, the great publisher of the day. Millar, as was his practice with works of light reading, handed the manuscript to his wife, who, having read it, advised him by no means to let it slip through his fingers. Millar now invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, after dinner, the bookseller, with great caution, offered Fleiding two hundred pounds for the manuscript. The novelist was amazed at the largeness of the offer. 'Then, my good sir,' said he, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of good fortune, 'give me your hand—the book is yours; and waiter,' continued he, 'bring a couple of bottles of your best port.' Before Millar died, he mad cleared eighteen thousand pounds by 'Tom of bottles of your best port. Perfect and allow mad cleared eighteen thousand pounds by 'Tom Jones,' out of which he generously made Fielding various presents, to the amount of two thousand pounds; and, when he died, he bequeathed a handsome legacy to each of Fielding's sons.

### SENATOR BLAINE AND HIS ANCESIRY.

Mr. Blaine came into public life, if not by a law of neredity, yet by a strong association in his immediate family. His great-grandfather, Colonel Ephraim Blaine, of Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, was Commissary-General of the Revolutionary Army from 1778 till the close of the struggle in 1783. The high esteem in which Colonel Blaine was held by Washington and his great compatriot leaders in the Revolution is attested by numerous letters from them, efficial and unofficial, still in the possession of Colonel Blaine's descendants in this State.

intended originally to enter upon a professional and solitical career, but a somewhat prolonged residence in Europe after he had completed his studies, in Europe after he had completed his studies, diverted him, as it has so many young Americans, from following his first and better ambition. He returned to his home in 1793, bringing with him as special bearer of dispatches a celebrated treaty with a foreign government, since become historic, and atterwards led chiefly the life of a private gen-

Mr. Blaine's father was born and reared in Car-Mr. Blaine's father was born and reared in Carlisle, and after an extended tour in Europe, South
America and the West Indies, returned to spend the
greater portion of his life in the adjoining County
of Washington, where he died before his son was
fully grown. He came West about 1818, having
the largest landed possessions of any man of his age
in Western Pennsylvania, owning an estate which,
had it been preserved, would have amounted to-day
to many millions.

As a single item in that estate, it may interest the
present generation of Pittsburgers to recall that in

As a single item in that estate, it may interest the present generation of Pittsburgers to recall that in 1825 Mr. Ephrama L. Blaine (the Senator's father) deeded to the Economites the splendid tract of land on which their town with all its improvements and all its wealth new stands. The price was \$25,000 for a property whose value to-day, even it mainterproved, would be a princely fortune. There were also timber tracts on the Alegheny and coal tracts on the Monongahela, at that day of no special value, which now represent large fortunes in the hands of those lucky enough to hold them. Very near the large tracts owned by his father and grandfather, Senator Blaine is now the possessor of one of the most valuable coal properties in the Mononwhich he might have noted to most of the desired of the father fifty years ago.

caster, Ohio, to school, where he is a considered of his relative, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, at that of his relative, the Hon. Thomas Ewing, at present in Congress, his consin, and of the same age, was his classmate under the tainten of an Englishman named Wilham Lyons, a brother of the elder Lord Lyons, and uncle of the late British Minister at Washington.

In November, 1843, Mr. Elaine entered the Freshman class of Washington College, and graduated in September, 1847, at the age of seventeen years and eight menths. In a class of thirty-three members Mr. Bisine shared the first honor with John C. Herver, now Supernatendont of Public Instruction at Wheeling. He was a dilgent, ambitions student, specially excelled in mathematics and Latin, and was marked also for his proficiency in Lorie and Poitical Economy. His college guardian was his nucle, the Hon. John H. Ewing, at that time Representative in Congress from the Washington Instruct, and who still lives at an advanced age, with a tract, and who still lives at an advanced age, with a sontative in Congress from the Washington Fract, and who still lives at an advanced age, with very lively interest in the fortunes of his nephew.

COLUMBIA GEAND WORDSWORTH AS GROOMS.

Proceedies type of Coloridge.

I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but after many strenuous efforts, I could not remove the cellar. In despar I called for assistance, when aid soon drew tear. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but after several attentions at thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coloridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skin town inspectoessors; for after twisting the tear horse a neck almost to strangulation and the arrial danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the notice's head must have grown feed to fire you for a neck almost to strangulation and the straid danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the notice's head must have grown feed to dropy of since the collar was put on. "For," he said, "it was a downing it throughout the strain a large of freats to pass

A queer story is fold of the Winter Palace of the Cast, which may be given as illustrating the great extent of the place, and the possibilities of misched it affords. In the time of Nicholas, the father of the present Cast, a number of sentrus were posted on the roof to guard against fire of foes. I miding the canade up there not altogether so comfortable as could be wished, this permanent watch at length centrived to convey on to the roof the materials for a number of mits or cabins, which in course of time they erected under the shelter of the channey stacks. So sing and cosy did they manage to make themselves that it at length occurred to the mattried men among them that, as there was plenty of room up there, they might as well enlarge their

his personal security that nobody ever knew in which bedroom he was going to sleep. A large number were always kept ready and unoccupied, and at bedtime the Czar would quietly slip into any one of them selected at the moment.

The Winter Palace is described as the largest palace in the world, being one third larger than that of the Emperor of Austria, and unsurpassed in point of splendor. It is the residence of the Czar and his Court during the Winter, and stands on the left bank of the Neva, on the site of a house which, in the reign of Peter the Great, belonged to his high Admij ral, Count Apraxin, who bequeathed it to Emperor Peter II. It was necessary to rebuild it, and one of the not least remarkable facts connected with it is that its present form was the work of two short years.

that its present form was the work of two short years.

Custine gives a terrible description of the rise of this monstrous citadel. In order to complete the task at the time appointed by the Czar the interior works were continued during the great frosts; and, when the thermometer outside was 30° below zero of Rénmur, d,000 workmen were daily shut up in halfs heated to 30° of Réaumur in order that the waits might dry the quicker; so that these poor wretches had to endure a difference of 60° of temperature. No wonder a considerable number of them died daily; and it is said that those who were engaged to paint the interior of the most heated halfs were obliged to place on their heads a kind of bennet of ice in order to preserve the use of their senses under the burning temperature.

### GRIEFS OF THE CRITIC.

From The Saturday Review.

He is invited to literary parties where the introductions are conducted in the following manner:
"Mr. Brown, the author of "A Year's Travel in Mozambique': Herr Bielehröder, the inventor of the Baby's Reading Lamp—Mr. Smith, a famous English journalist; Mr. Smith, of The Literary Critic—Mr. Jones, of The Unbeliever? Review. His few articles have been on light social subjects, and his reviews have been of trashy novels, but be is asked to meet Professor Putkammer, because that gentleman has been much interested in an article in The Literary Critic upon "Deductions from the Heilometre upon the Value of the Solar Parallax." The professor maturally expects him, as one of the contributors, to be well versed in the subject. A celebrated divine attacks him from the opposite side of the table on the tone of the theological articles in The Literary Critic, and an author whose book has been severely treated in the pages of that journal revenges himself by making an evening as disagreeable as possible for the unoffending contributor.

Questions as to whether he has written what he he has written, and when he has written for The Literary Critic become as familiar to his cars as the conventional inquiries as to be alth or remarks apon the weather. He almost begins to hate the name of his favorite journal. Instead of being sent down to dinner with charmoning and beautiful women, he is allotted to blue-stock— From The Saturday Review

health or remarks apon the weather. He almost begins to hate the name of his favorite journal. Instead of being sent down to dinner with charming and beautiful women, he is allotted to bluestockings and champion's of women's rights. Before he has half finished a sentence people begin to langh, and when he observes that a certain soing is pretty, he overhears one person saving to another. What dry remarks he makes!" He is set upon by numbers of would-be authors, who come armed with nevels and travels in MS, which they request him to read and criticise. He is to decide whether they are worth publishing, what they would cost to publish, or what publisher would accept them. The amateur editor of a local archimological capter begs him to write an article for him, and a clergyman presses him to contribute to the "Parish Magazine." It is useless for him to urgo that such things are not in his style. Is not a writer a writer all the world over?

A friend whem he can scarcely afford to offend asks him to persuade the Editor of The Literary Crific to insert one of his articles in that journal. Other friends pester him to write articles upon this subject and upon that, from the theological aspects of the inetecenth century to the breeding of shorthorn cattle. Nor are these uninvited vointeers easily put off; they buttenhole him in the Park or in society, and they coach him in a desuitory sort of way on the subjects that they want him to freat; they contrast their own orthodox views with the heterodox opinions of others, and request him particularly to dwell upon certain points. After confusing, without enlightening, him for half an hour,

ticularly to dwell upon certain points. After con-fusing, without enlightening, him for half an hour they conclude by saying. "And then I want you to work it all up, you know, into a satirical article," work it all up, you know, into a satirical article,"
Instead of being invited to country houses for
shooting or ball parties, he is asked to meet the
bishoo and the author of a history in twelve velumes. Young ladies fly from him in terror, and
children look aron him as a kind of tator. Collectors for charities suggest that the objects for which
they are working would form suitable channels for
the proceeds of his literary labors, and fabalous renorts are spread as to the sums which he realizes by
his pen.

norts are spread as to the sums which he realizes by his pen.

At the request of some of his acquaintances he reprints his best articles in the form of a book. It is beautifully got up, on toned paper, and the cover is a masterpiece of the binder's art. The only people who read the book are apparently the critics, who dissect his work with the very refinement of cruelty. He had tried his own hand several times at reviewing, and now, to use a phrase to which he was much addicted in his articles, he is "bust with its land betard." The expense of publication with its had because the foreswears for the disgusted and disappointed, he foreswears for the disgusted and disappointed, he foreswears for the future, books, publishers, authors, and even The Literary Critic itself.

# A QUEER FRENCHMAN.

From The Whitchall Review.

The death of the Comte Alfred de Chatenuvillars has deprived France of one of her most extraordinary social types. The late Count lived for the last tew years of his life as a recluse, and, athough a member of the two most select clubs in Paris—This and the Jockey—districtly laid down in his will that his fameral should be merely a trainlease one.

Onrners.
The following is another odd fact not generally mown about Chateauvillars, whose waiss and ca-prices have long been a general topic of conversa-tion in Parts. After having fived separately from and not last four, and that before limit, in althe had clapsed Madenne again returned to turn self-miss.

M. de Contennylinos's splendled and well-known listel. No. 60 Rue St. Lazare, he shortly afterward retited to the fumous Pine d'Os ma, whose boast it was that he could travel from Paris to Maditud in his own chateaux! As the Spanish grandee had about wells mayor in Fence, and any account.

# THE ORIGINAL JOE MILLER.

From The Globe.

ecupation, Edga-ecupation, Edga-ecibel to these closes with Alexander only comprised 198 lokes. "But that the volume might have some substance and he a good table of travelling book, service able as well as cornors, copious additions have been made from the volumes of facetra previously and since published, and other sources." Of these 198 leafs senreely half-a-lozed are really good. Here is aspectimen for the benefit of the present generation, who do not appear to appreciate Mr. Miller: "An Earlishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Weissman, 'There is such node loneskeeping in Wales that I have known allowe a dozen coaks employed at one wedding dinner.' 'Ay,' answered the Englishman, 'that was because every one toasted his own cheese.'"

# ODD NAMES.

vaine of ten as a harmonizer and satisfier of human than a proof of the single members of the guard, finding such a tempting opportunity of setting applications, it must be taken as a proof of this own unsatisfied cravings.

\*\*AN INDIAN MESSIERIZER.\*\*

\*\*From The Triegraph.\*\*

Strange stories reach us from India of the feats performed by a native measurement, named Bam, whose magnetic power would appear to be found aguite irresistible by the lower animals, upon which he exclusively exerts it. He gives seances, to which the public are invited to bring all mainer of froncient sand untamable wild beasts, and, like the Aircient Mariner, holds them with his grittering eye, In a few seconds they subside into a condition of cataleptic stiffness, from which they can only be excuted with his right hand. An account of oue of these scances states that a snake in a state of violent first the coverage of the first stories and untamable with his gright hand. An account of oue of the scances states that a snake in a state of violent first the properties. I have met with his right hand. An account of oue of the coverage that a coverage of the first stories and untamable with his right hand. An account of oue of the coverage of the first stories and untamable with his right hand. An account of oue of the coverage of the first stories and untamable with his right hand. An account of oue of the coverage of the first stories and untamable with his right hand. An account of oue of the coverage of the first stories and untamable with his right hand. An account of oue of the coverage of the first stories are accounted to the roof, and was by seme means hoisted to the roof, and was by seme means hoisted to the roof, and was a proof of the first stories of the first stiff stories of the first stories of the f